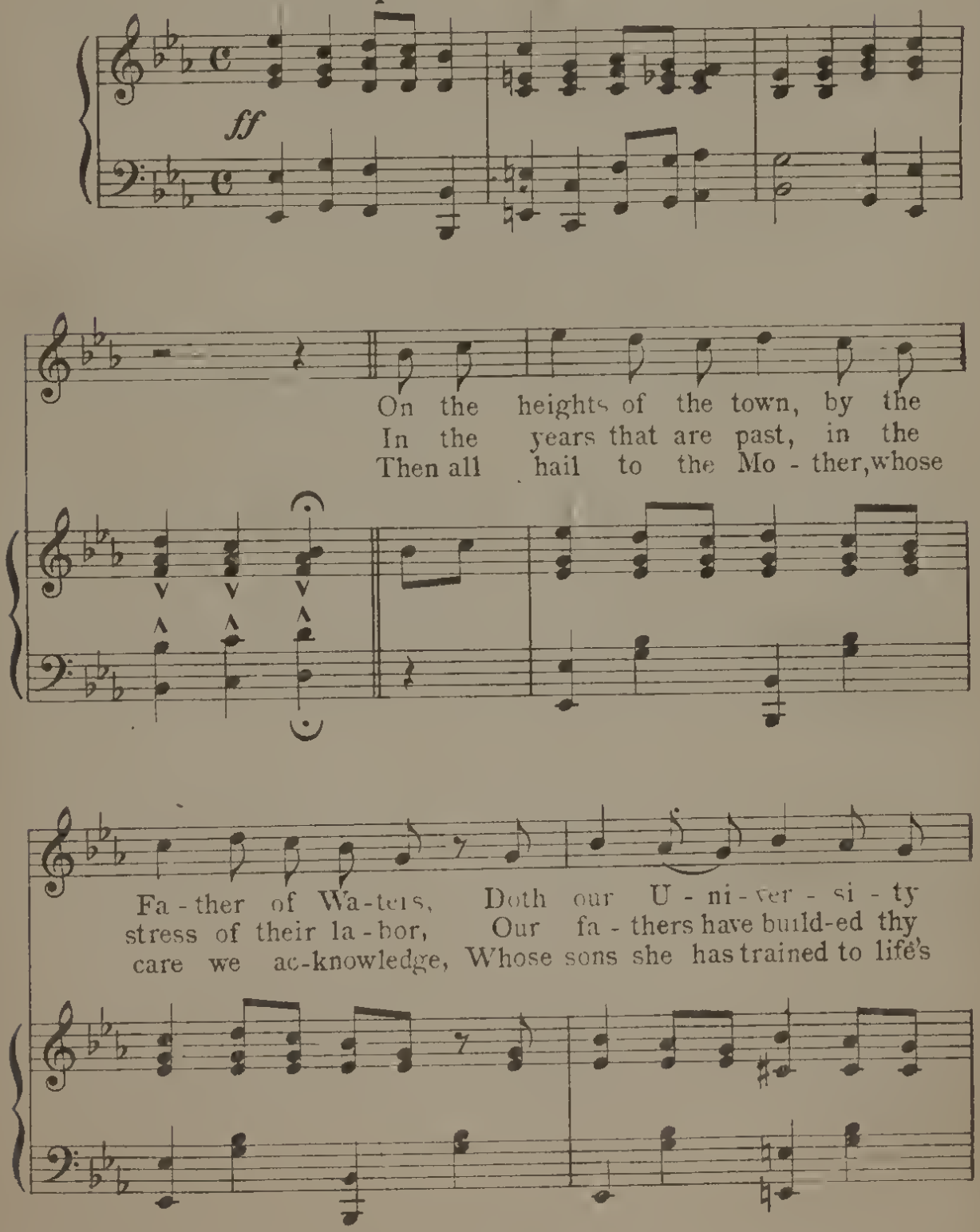
Washington.

Words by
ROGER CONANT HATCH.

Music by
WILLIAM JOHN HALL.

March tempo.


ff
On the heights of the town, by the
In the years that are past, in the
Then all hail to the Mo - ther, whose
Fa - ther of Wa-ters, Doth our U - ni - ver - si - ty
stress of their la - bor, Our fa - thers have build-ed thy
care we ac-knowledge, Whose sons she has trained to life's

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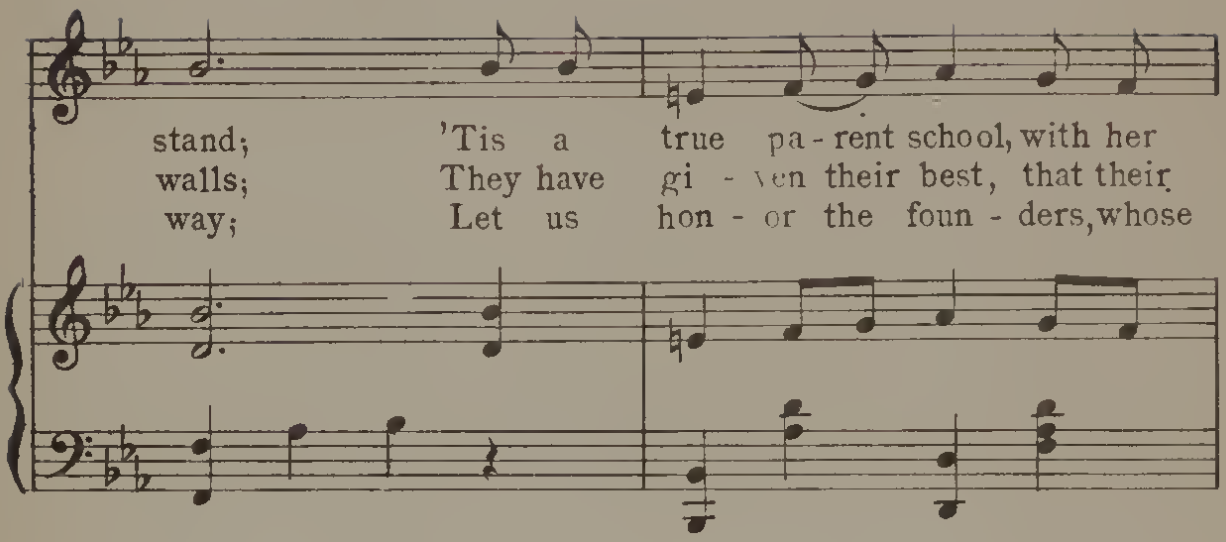
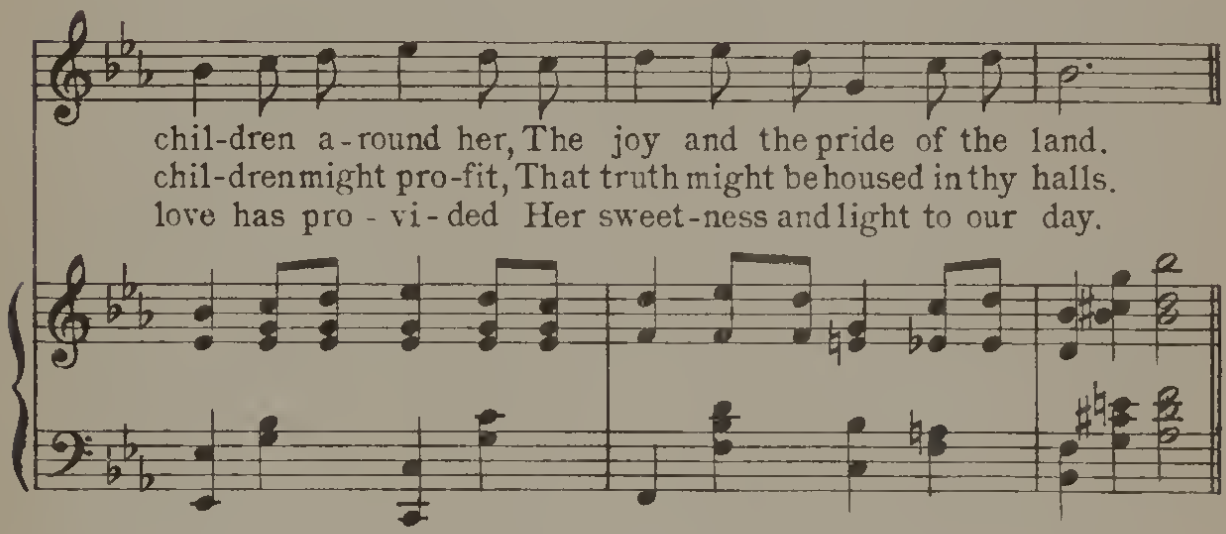
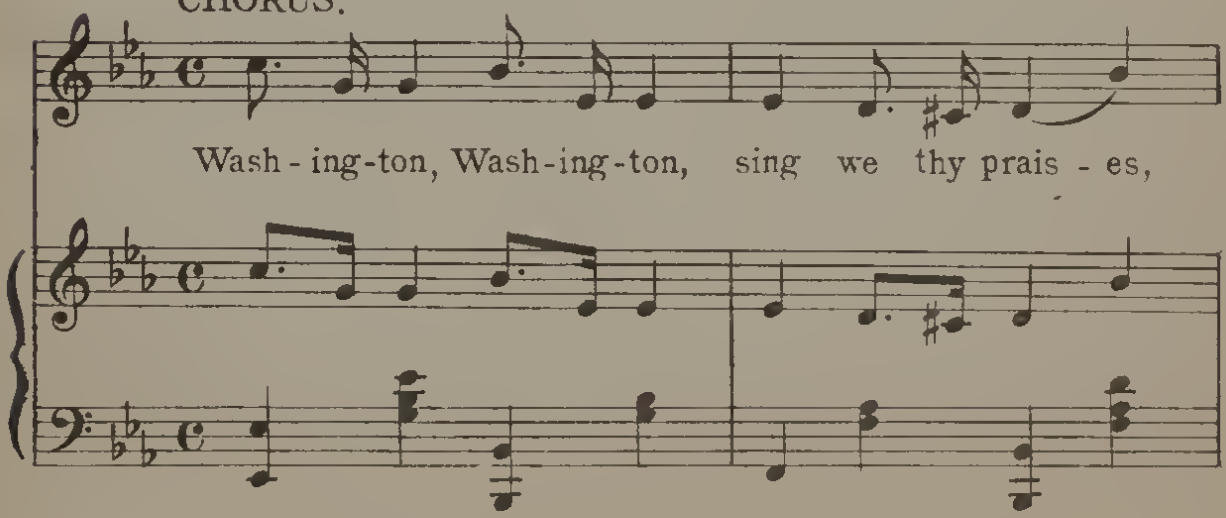
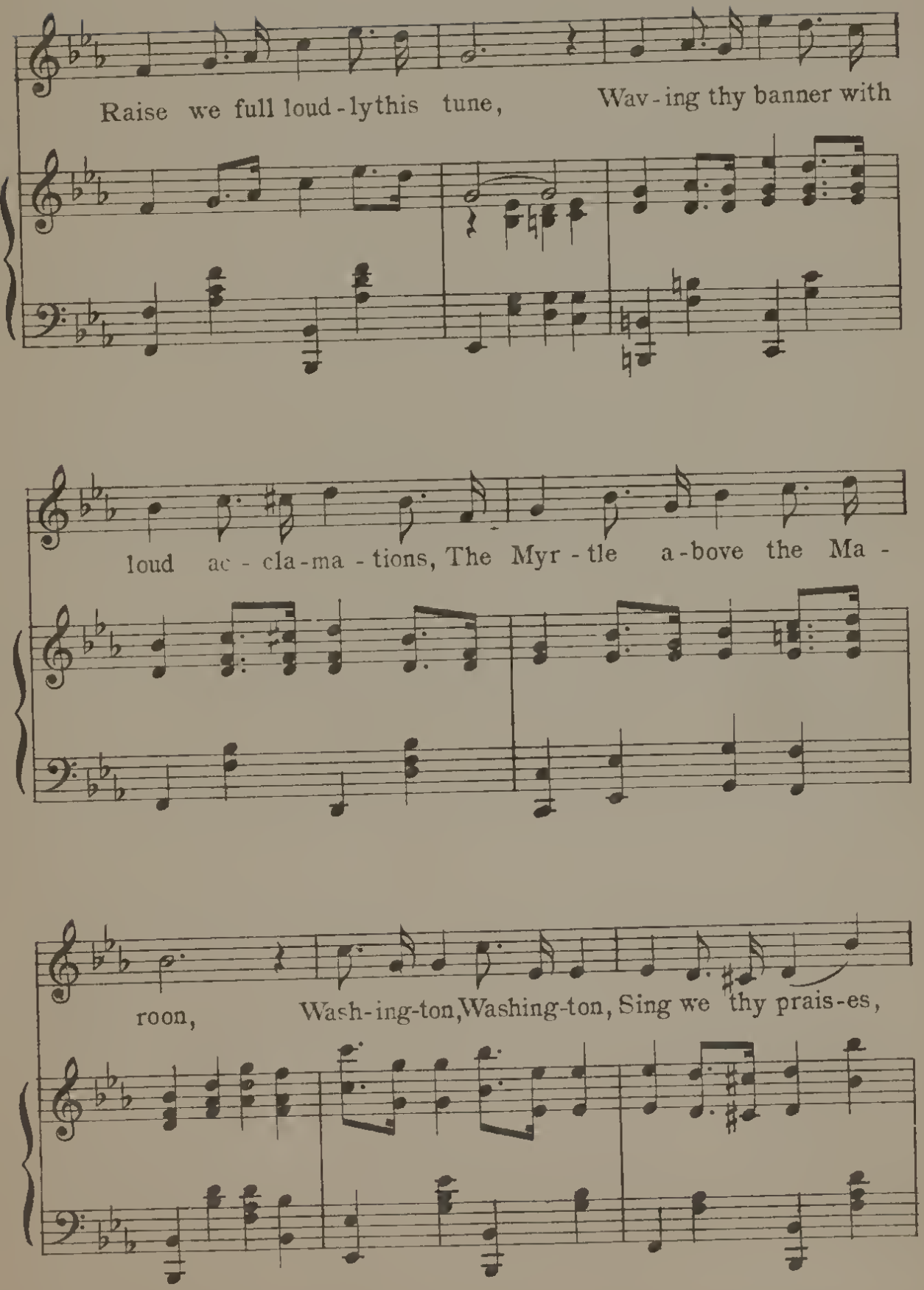
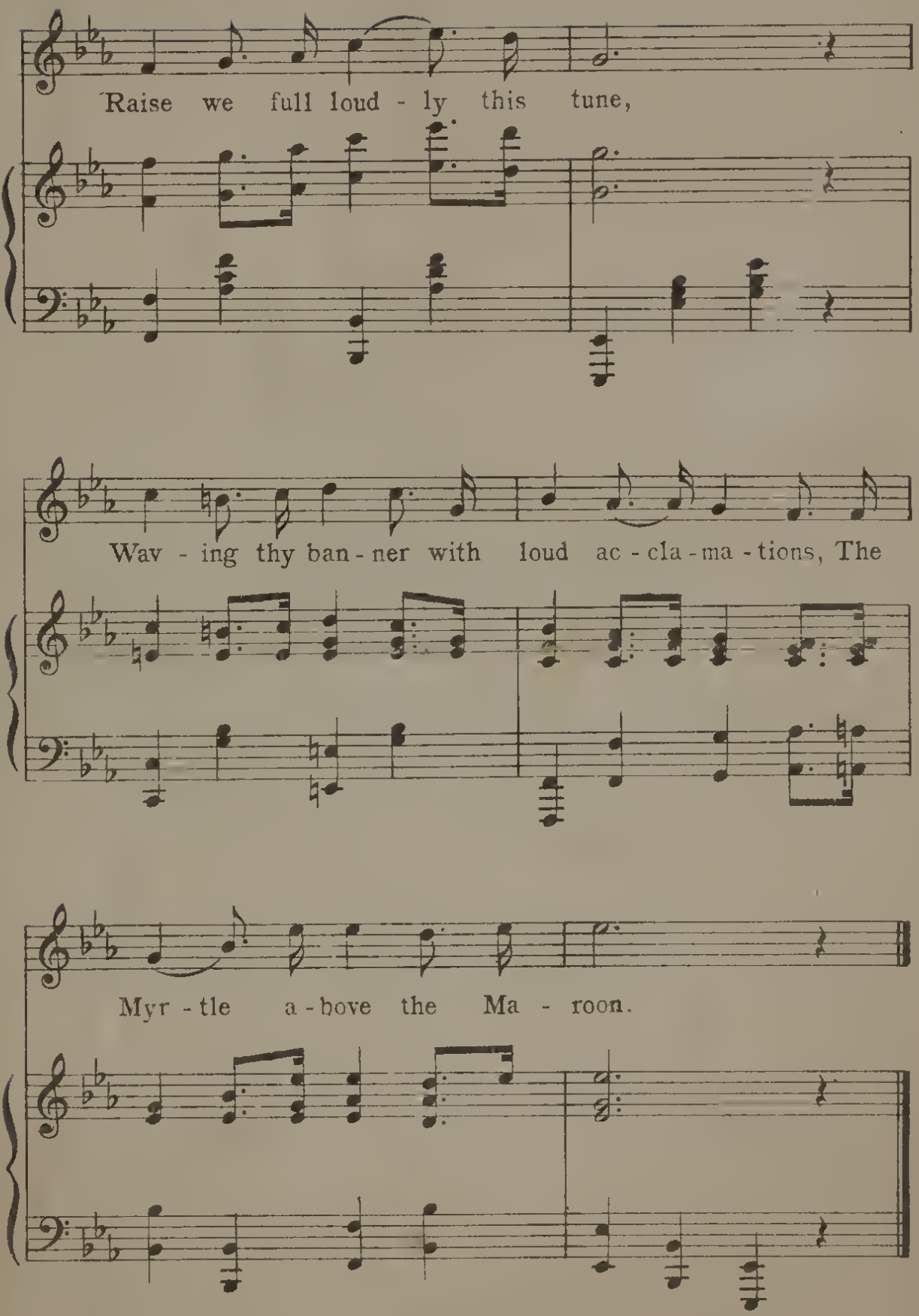

stand; 'Tis a true pa - rent school, with her
walls; They have gi - ven their best, that their
way; Let us hon - or the foun - ders, whose


chil-dren a-round her, The joy and the pride of the land.
chil-dren might pro-fit, That truth might be housed in thy halls.
love has pro - vi - ded Her sweet-ness and light to our day.

CHORUS.


Wash - ing-ton, Wash-ing-ton, sing we thy prais - es,


Raise we full loud-lythis tune, Wav-ing thy banner with
loud ac-cla-ma-tions, The Myr-tle a-bove the Ma-
roon, Wash-ing-ton,Washing-ton, Sing we thy prais-es,


Raise we full loud - ly this tune,
Wav - ing thy ban - ner with loud ac - cla - ma - tions, The
Myr - tle a - bove the Ma - roon.